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Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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SELBORN TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

THE GODFATHER.

BY MEETA.

"WILL you be godfather to my little girl, Ernest?" said Mrs. Fairfield to a tall youth who was leaning against a glass door, with his gaze bent upon the scene without, towards the close of a summer's afternoon.

No answer was returned, and the youth still stood unheeding the words which were addressed to him.

"Why, what is the matter with him?" said Mrs. Fairfield, laughing and glancing round to a young lady who sat near her, dressed, as if for a walk.

The young lady spoke not, but smiled and shrugged her shoulders with an air that said plainly as words would do, "I cannot pretend to account for his strange moods."

"Ernest," again repeated Mrs. Fairfield, but in a louder tone, "do you not hear me? what is the matter with you?"

"Did you speak to me, ma'am?" said the youth, turning hastily round, and approaching her, while a shade of bright color passed across his handsome pale face. "Were you speaking to me, Mrs. Fairfield?"

"Speaking to you! certainly I was! here have Caroline and I been begging you for the last half hour to be godfather to my little Alice, and you have not deigned even to listen to us. Pray, what visions have been charming your 'rapt soul' that you could not hear us?"

"None at all, I assure you," replied he, with an attempt at carelessness. "I am scarcely conscious of having had a single idea, of having thought at all."

"Not thought at all!" said Mrs. Fairfield, laughing. "I know boys are always thoughtless creatures, but I believe you to be an exception to the rule. If you were a little older, Ernest, I should have said, five minutes ago, that you were in love."

"I wonder what boys have to do with love?" was the muttered reply, with the curl of the lip and a frown. "Can you tell me, little Elsie?" stooping down and caressing the child, who sat on a cushion at her mother's feet.

"Not so much as they have to do with ideas and thoughts, certainly," said Mrs. Fairfield; "but you have not answered my question yet, Ernest. Caroline is very much surprised at my having permitted the child to attain the age of three years, without having been christened, and insists upon it being done, immediately. Now, I want sponsors for her; and as my child is not to be a Catholic, Caroline cannot offer her services.

I mean, therefore, as I always do, when I want a kindness done me, to call on your family: and if your good aunt and yourself, Ernest, will undertake the office, I shall feel perfectly satisfied."

"Certainly, my dear madam. It will give me great pleasure, if you deem me worthy of the trust, and I am sure I can answer for my aunt."

"Thank you Ernest. I knew you would do any thing to oblige me," replied Mrs. Fairfield, in an altered and subdued tone, looking mournfully down in the face of her little child, who now sat on her knee. "It is not for us to pretend to scan the future, but I often feel as if the time would come, when my little darling may want a father's or a brother's protection. God grant that they may be raised up to her!" and she clasped her infant to her bosom, while her tears fell fast and thick on its innocent head.

"She shall never feel the want of either, while I live," said Ernest, bending over them with emotion, overcome by this unusual burst of feeling, in one generally so gay and cheerful; then lifting the child from her mother's lap, he was, in a few minutes playing with her on the lawn, leaving Mrs. Fairfield with her young friend, to recover her wonted serenity.

The shades of evening were now beginning to fall, and after a few minutes of cheerful conversation, Miss Lardner reminded her cousin that it was time to be moving homewards, and bidding Mrs. Fairfield good bye, they were soon on their way to Mauriceville, the residence of Ernest's father.

Mr. St. Maurice, the father of Ernest, was the son of a French gentleman, who had fled his country to escape political persecution, bringing with him, a motherless son, and the scanty wreck of a once ample fortune. With that readiness and quickness of adaptation to circumstances, so remarkable in the French character, he soon settled himself in business in Philadelphia; and in a few years became one of the most opulent among that class of merchants, of which Philadelphia may be so justly proud, a class which yields to none in intelligence, refinement, and the polished courtesies of life, and which gave to Philadelphia a benefactor of unparalleled magnificence, and the youth of the United States a brilliant beacon to lead them by the paths of steady industry, to wealth and respectability.

Our exile married again, a few years after he came to America. His wife, however, lived but a short time, leaving an infant daughter, and before Mr. St. Maurice had reached that time of life to feel a retirement from its active duties a relief, he was himself cut off, by one of those fearful pestilences, which, at that period, so often desolated our fair city. His last wishes enjoined upon his son, the completion of some commercial speculations in which he was then

engaged, and which Philip St. Maurice, though of retired literary habits, felt himself bound to fulfil. A short period, however, sufficed to effect his father's plans, and with a considerable increase to the already large fortune left him by his father, he retired to a handsome country seat, with his beautiful young wife, and his sister, who was too fondly attached to him, to leave him.

Years flew by in the calm peacefulness of domestic life, untroubled, but by one source of unhappiness, the loss of several children, who died in the first hours of their existence. Always of a fragile constitution, Mrs. St. Maurice withered under these repeated misfortunes, and eighteen years previous to the opening of this story, she expired in giving life to Ernest. Mr. St. Maurice, who nearly sunk beneath this blow, now retired more closely within himself and leaving the care of his boy to his sister, who had never married, he gave himself up to his lonely habits, with renewed devotion.

A neglected orphan like Ernest could not have fallen into better hands, and religiously did Miss St. Maurice endeavor to act by him, as she believed his lost parent would have done. Affection was not wanting for the task, for she had cast upon him all the concentrated affections of her own warm heart, and Ernest repaid her with the love and duty of a son.

Caroline Lardner was the daughter of Mrs. St. Maurice's sister. Mrs. Lardner had been left eighteen months previous to the opening of our story, a destitute widow, by a spendthrift husband, and having applied to Mr. St. Maurice, from whom she had received frequent benefits, she and her daughter were invited by him to reside at Mauriceville. They had now been there more than a twelvemonth, and Mauriceville was no longer the seat of calm domestic tranquillity.

Mrs. Lardner was an irritable, extravagant, disappointed woman. Foiled in the objects of her worldly ambition; a dependent widow, neglected by those who formerly made her world, and who cast her aside when she could no longer minister to their pursuits; living in the country, which she detested, and with Miss St. Maurice, whom she both disliked and feared; is it to be wondered at, that she was unhappy herself, and the source of unhappiness to those around her.

Miss St. Maurice exerted all the forbearance she was mistress of, to endure patiently the vexation and discomforts inflicted upon her by this accession to their family; but she often breathed a sigh of regret to the days when time had glided by, with unheeded footsteps, when there were no fretful tempers to conciliate, or spoiled beauties to endure.

After bidding Mrs. Fairfield adieu, Ernest and his cousin turned into a green lane, which led by a short turn to Mauriceville.

"Will you take my arm, Caroline?" said Ernest, gently, approaching Miss Lardner, and offering his support.

"No, I thank you," was the pettish reply. "It is quite too warm, and the sight of your cloth coat gives me a fever, such weather as this."

"You did not think it too warm to accept of my support, Caroline, when we left home," returned he reproachfully, "and you must be fatigued now."

"No, I am not at all tired, and it was not so warm when we left home as it is now."

"It was much warmer, for see, the sun has now quite set, and the dew is beginning to fall."

"Ernest, when will you leave college?" asked Miss Lardner, sharply. "I shall really be very glad when you do; you have such school-boy habits of close reasoning, there is no talking with you, unless one weighs their words in a diamond scale."

"You can hardly ask for information on a subject upon which I am sure you are as well informed as I am myself," he replied. "But this, I suppose, is a part of the system you have lately pursued towards me; I can only say, Caroline," he continued, "that I wish the year which must elapse before I do leave college, might be five, and that I was, in truth, the insensible, senseless child you appear to think me."

"Bless the boy! what is the matter with him?" exclaimed Miss Lardner, in feigned astonishment. "Have you been treading on a worm, and has it turned?"

"The boy has feeling, Caroline," was the reply, in a tone of smothered anguish, and the moisture which gathered heavily upon his long lashes, proved its sincerity: "and as you say, even a worm will turn."

Miss Lardner looked at him steadily for a moment: then descending from the more elevated path she had taken, to one by his side, she gently laid her arm within his. The moisture thickened on those dark lashes, and they were nearly closed to prevent its escape.

For some time the pair walked on in silence. At length Miss Lardner commenced speaking of the friend they had left, as if they had but just parted from her.

"Mrs. Fairfield was not in her usual spirits this evening, Ernest; has any thing occurred to distress her?"

"Nothing new that I am aware of," replied Ernest. "But is it unnatural for her to be in low spirits, separated as she is, from a husband to whom she is fondly attached, and with embarrassments of a pecuniary nature, too, to struggle against?"

"Why, she is not suffering for want of money, poor woman, surely," said Miss Lardner inquiringly.

"No, my father would prevent any thing of that sort, but her husband has been obliged to go to the East Indies, in consequence of the total ruin in which his affairs were involved, and by his advice, Fairfield, whose parents were my father's earliest friends, was induced to leave his wife and infant, at the cottage which my father offered him, with his good offices in their behalf, while he should remain absent.

Poor Fairfield! he was almost broken-hearted by the ruin which fell upon those he loved, and left the country more than a year since in miserable health. I own, I should not be surprised, if he never returned."

The cousins had now reached a gate which led to a path across the fields, by which the house might be gained in a shorter time than by taking the road.

"Will you go home through the fields, Caroline?" asked Ernest.

"No, I believe not. It is early yet, and I prefer going by the road, that is, if you have no objections, my dear cousin?" with a tone and look that drove every remaining shade of gloom from Ernest's brow.

"Objections!" he cried; and they pursued their walk.

Caroline Lardner was not only, according to Miss St. Maurice's phrase, a spoiled beauty, but she was a perverted one. With naturally a good disposition, education had made her heartless and selfish. Brought up by a weak, silly mother, who thought only of ensuring the mere accomplishments taught at a fashionable boarding-school, and the manners inculcated in her own drawing-room, is it to be wondered at, that her daughter felt for none but herself, and that a heart and mind so uncultivated, should be overrun with weeds.

Caroline Lardner was, at nineteen, an accomplished coquette, and when at her father's death, she was obliged to accept with her mother, Mr. St. Maurice's offer of a home and a support, she murmured at the bounty which, in saving her from poverty, buried her in the country, far from the scenes of gaiety in which she had heretofore alone existed.

She found, however, on reaching Mauriceville, an unexpected source of occupation. In her cousin Ernest, she discovered a fit subject upon whom to exercise her peculiar talents. She had not seen Ernest for several years, and believed him a mere boy. To her surprise, she found him a tall, manly youth, full of romance and enthusiasm, prepared by his sensibility and ardent nature, to fall a ready victim to her fascinations. Her whole artillery of charms was consequently brought into play, and a little time found Ernest deeply and fervently attached to her.

At first, the feelings of her cousin were made the mere pastime of her idle moments, without a thought beyond the present hour. But from various reasons, their intimacy assumed a more serious character than she had then anticipated. Caroline had had numerous adorers;—had flirted with many who confessed themselves her slaves; but she had, she well knew, never inspired such an attachment; one so full of deep, passionate devotion as that now entertained for her by her young cousin, and she involuntarily yielded to the charm which it afforded. At times too, there were glimmerings of pure and natural feelings not wholly deadened within her, which pleaded for him, and whispered to her of the wrong she was doing one who did not deserve evil at her hands. These however were few and far between, and would no doubt in time have worn off entirely, but for one other strongly influencing

sentiment. Ernest would be very rich, and young as she was, Caroline had weighed understandingly the advantages that wealth, such as his, would bring her; and thus influenced, she yielded an implicit consent to his prayer for permission to address her when he should leave college.

This understanding was vague, and to Ernest, unsatisfactory, while to Caroline, it was all she desired. A year or two at her command, with Ernest as a resource, (let what might happen,) were advantages she fully understood. Should she, meanwhile, decide in favor of another, there was nothing positive to show that this had been more than a mere idle flirtation, and thus artfully fenced about with precautions, she pursued her course, tampering with the feelings, and sporting with the happiness of one whose virtues and whose excellence she knew not how to value.

This afternoon's walk was but a counterpart of many that had passed before. Alternately chiding and flattering him, she would play upon his morbidly sensitive feelings, with an ingenuity that was almost incredible. When she beheld him gay and happy, indulging in the natural buoyancy of his youthful feelings and romantic disposition, she would taunt him—call him boy, and laugh at his romance! and then, when like the Matadore, she had shaken aloft her scarlet mantle till her victim was almost frenzied, she would cast it aside, and with playful smiles and winning words, lull the tempest she had raised. The poor boy was enthralled, and like the sapling which he resembled, he bent before the storm which he was unable to resist.

"What an illumination," exclaimed Miss Lardner, as they entered the avenue leading to the house, after a protracted walk. It was now quite dark, and lights were glancing rapidly all over the house.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed Ernest, in an anxious tone. A few steps more brought them in sight of a gig which Ernest recognized as that of the principal physician of the neighboring village.

"Some one is ill," cried he, dropping the arm which rested in his, and in alarm, he ran rapidly across the lawn to the house.

He was met at the entrance by a servant, who informed him that his father had been suddenly seized with a fit, but that Doctor Melville, who had reached Mauriceville almost immediately, had relieved him and thought him likely to do well.

Ernest sought his aunt, who gave him every consolation in her power, and after stealing for a moment to the bedside of his father, to take one look at his pale face, he retired to the solitude of his own apartment.

Six anxious weeks elapsed and found Mr. St. Maurice still confined to his bed, a helpless invalid. His mind did not appear to have been completely aroused since his attack. He lay in a sort of stupor, apparently unconscious of all around him, scarcely noticing his son, or his sister, who were constant watchers at his bedside.

One morning, the family with the exception of Mrs. Lardner, who was indisposed, were sitting round the breakfast table, when the servant,

whose task it was to ride into the village post-office, for the letters and papers, returned and delivered the bundle to Miss St. Maurice.

"Here is a very imposing looking letter for your mother, Caroline," she said, sorting them out, "and post marked New Orleans too."

"From my uncle, mam' I suppose. Shall I take it to mamma?"

"If you wish, my dear;" and she darted off with the letter.

In a few moments a servant entered the room with a message from Mrs. Lardner, begging to see Miss St. Maurice in her chamber for a few moments.

Ernest left alone, retired to a window with his newspaper; but it must be acknowledged that his mind was running more upon the probable contents of the New Orleans letter, than the printed page before him.

In a short time Miss St. Maurice returned to the room, and busied herself with the arrangement of the breakfast things. "Ernest," said she, after some moments of silence; "your aunt has received a very important letter this morning."

"Indeed!" was the simple reply.

"It is from her brother," continued Miss St. Maurice. "His health has become infirm, and having relented towards her, he writes for her and her daughter to come to him by the earliest opportunity, to reside henceforward with him. He is wealthy, and your aunt and cousin will feel the removal advantageous in every respect."

No answer was returned by the listener, and his face was screened by the paper which he held in his hand.

"You will miss the society of your cousin very much, Ernest," said Miss St. Maurice, as she prepared to leave the room; "but we have anxious duties to fulfil—sources of sorrow here to contend with, that must supersede all other regrets."

The door closed—the paper fell, and discovered a countenance upon which bitter anguish was deeply imprinted. The first of those stunning blows, which time hardens the man to endure, had fallen upon his young heart.

The morning passed away, and evening found Ernest again at the bedside of his father. His countenance was troubled, and paler even than that of the sick man over whom he bent. He had spoken with Caroline, and her ill-dissembled joy and exultation left her no room for sympathy with his passionate expressions of sorrow. To feel that he had been the mere toy, the plaything of the moment, was an aggravation that his feelings could ill bear, and he experienced, in all its intensity, that feeling so common to youth in its early disappointments, as if existence and the future contained not a single bright spot for hope to dwell upon.

It was by her manner alone, however, that he was thus pained. She spoke of their approaching separation as a mere temporary thing—of their meeting again under happier auspices, and used all the hollow common-places of affection and sympathy, to cover her real sentiments, and persuade him that she considered her impending departure as severing no tie which bound them to each other. There was a profusion of words,

protestations, and even tears, but no pledge upon which the deluded youth could anchor or repose in security. A promise to correspond with him was the only consoling result of this painful interview, where so much had been implied—so little sincerely felt.

Mrs. Lardner expatiated profusely upon her sorrow at poor dear Mrs. St. Maurice's sad situation, and regretted very much the necessity which obliged her to leave Miss St. Maurice under such distressing circumstances. But her excellent brother was ill, and needed her attentions, and she could not delay her departure.

Miss St. Maurice was too well pleased with her decision to call in question its necessity, but she could well have spared the tirades relative to that good brother, who a few months before was an unfeeling brute for not answering the repeated applications made to him, by her, for assistance.

All those who have been in the habit of observing, as they pass through life, must have remarked that in the quiet tenor of domestic existence, any occurrence of unusual importance is almost always followed by a series of stirring events, verifying the vulgar adage, that "it never rains but it pours."

In less than a month after the departure of Mrs. Lardner and her daughter, for New Orleans, Mr. St. Maurice breathed his last. The same week brought intelligence of the death of Mr. Fairfield, and six months more found his broken-hearted widow laid peacefully in her grave.

It was a gloomy November morning, about two years after the above events had occurred. Miss St. Maurice sat on one side of the fire place, in which crackled a fine hickory fire, while Ernest occupied the opposite corner, seated in a large easy chair, with a book in his hand, but with his attention fixed upon a little girl who was playing in a distant corner of the room.

"What is the matter, Ernest?" asked Miss St. Maurice. "Is little Alice in mischief?"

"No," replied he, sighing, "I was only watching her graceful movements, and wondering what her future destiny would be?"

"Her destiny?" exclaimed Miss St. Maurice, in a tone of surprise. "It cannot be involved in greater obscurity than that of any other person, surely. She has no kindred, it is true, poor orphan, to lean upon, but she will never want a friend while I live. Her future interests and welfare shall be my care; I will be father, mother—every thing to her!"

"No, no, my dear aunt, I cannot permit that. Elsie belongs to me. She was bequeathed to me by her mother, and I feel that she is a sacred trust. I shall never forget," he continued, dropping his voice and speaking with emotion, "the evening on which she begged me to be godfather to her little girl. Surely her feelings then were prophetic; and when I assured her that I would stand to her in the place of father and brother, though I did not expect to see her fears so soon realized, I was sincere in my promise. No, no, dear aunt, Elsie is mine."

"Very well, Ernest," said Miss St. Maurice, smiling through her tears, "we will not quarrel about her. I am but too happy to hear you speak as you do. But remember, I too, am her godparent, and that young gentlemen are not the

most proper persons to bring up little girls. Besides, you will marry one of these days, in which case, it would be most fitting she should remain with me."

"It is idle, aunt," replied Ernest, gravely, "to regulate ourselves by events which may never occur. I should not pretend to interfere with you in the bringing up and education of Alice, but I must urge my claim to stand in the place of a father to her, and to consider myself in part responsible for her welfare. I have constituted myself her guardian, and when I am of age, the law shall make me so."

Mr. St. Maurice died without a will, and his large property had of course, descended to his son. Miss St. Maurice was, by her inheritance, wealthy, and had no expectations or selfish views, relative to the disposal of her brother's property. But Mrs. Lardner, who had no doubt expected to be handsomely remembered by her brother-in-law, in the distribution of his property was evidently greatly disappointed, as they had never heard from her since the event was communicated to her, and Caroline's marriage to a wealthy French gentleman, which took place within the year after their departure from Mauriceville was first seen by them in the newspapers.

Ernest was at college when this intelligence reached him, and the effect, was to bring upon him a severe illness, which shattered his health dreadfully. The shock was doubly severe to him, as he had continued in constant correspondence with his cousin since their separation, and a few weeks before the announcement of her marriage reached him, he had received a letter of unusual tenderness from her, urging a visit from him so soon as he should graduate. This was a blow from which he could not easily recover, and it was long ere he exhibited even the semblance of cheerfulness.

The Mauriceville estate was extensive, containing many hundred acres, bordering upon one of our beautiful rivers. More of the land was appropriated to ornamental and pleasure grounds than is usually the case among our money-making people. But Mr. St. Maurice had not inherited his father's enterprising disposition, and the energies which his parent exerted in achieving a fortune, were by the son spent in the simpler pleasure of adorning and improving the spot, which contained within its limits, all that he prized on earth. The rarest trees and most beautiful exotics were to be found in his grounds and hot-houses, and wherever nature had created a beauty, art had lent its helping hand to increase its effect.

Miss St. Maurice and Ernest cherished every object created or fostered by their lost relative's care. Nor did they ever for a moment think of removing from a spot so consecrated to his memory, for both, alike, preferred the retirement of a country life, to the bustle and gaiety of the town.

Miss St. Maurice urged upon her nephew the necessity of studying some profession, fearing the influence of a solitary life upon a mind which inherited much of his father's shy, retiring disposition. Ernest, however, was deaf to her arguments. "She need not fear," he said, "that his mind would rust itself away; he meant not to pin himself to any set of ideas or prejudices, in

the study of a profession. He would travel a year or two, and perhaps he would go to Europe for a short time. Meanwhile," continued he, laughing, "I will remain at home, help you to train your flowers, and teach little Elsie her A B C. Come, Elsie," said he, reaching out his arms to the little girl, "will you not go with Ernest to look at the pretty little dogs?" The child slid from her station on Miss St. Maurice's knee, and in a few minutes, they were in the stable together, admiring a fine litter of puppies, with almost equal satisfaction.

Time flew rapidly on, and the day for Ernest's coming of age, soon arrived. True to his word, his first act as a man, was to become legally the guardian of Alice.

Miss St. Maurice, who disapproved of the retired and comparatively inactive life he was leading, pressed him urgently to leave home, and travel—to go into society and see a little of the world. He endeavored to follow her advice, and went now and then to town, where he was caressed by his father's old friends, and flattered by the society in which he mingled, for his large fortune, family, and distinguished personal appearance, made him a star of no small magnitude in the fashionable world, where the idle and the interested alike tried to minister to his vanity.

But Ernest was not a vain man. He had received a blow in early youth, that had cast a shadow upon his spirits, and which had made him, thenceforward undervalue himself, in all that concerned the other sex. He believed his heart withered, and incapable of ever feeling again.

Miss St. Maurice's wishes had great influence with her nephew, and for the following three or four years, he traveled at intervals through the United States and the Canadas, visiting every thing worthy of note, and storing his mind with that knowledge which he never could have acquired in his own library—the lore of nature's universal book.

Every spring and autumn, the long contemplated voyage to Europe was discussed, and every season it was deferred until the next should arrive.

Meanwhile the education of Alice progressed steadily. An excellent governess was provided, who, under the eye of Miss St. Maurice, instructed her in the ornamental, as well as the more solid accomplishments of a judiciously planned education.

Ernest was very proud and fond of his little goddaughter; and when, after an absence of several months, he returned home, her innocent delight made him feel it almost a compensation for his long absence from home and its comforts.

He assisted, when at home, in Alice's education, so far as he was permitted to do so. He taught her to ride and to play chess—to know the good points of a horse—to become acquainted with the history of the canine race, and of his own dogs in particular, and there was even some talk of a fowling piece and percussion caps.

The village of R—— from which Mauriceville was distant about two miles, afforded a pleasant little society. Dr. Melville had a large and intelligent family of young people, and there were several families equally agreeable, who

formed a cheerful circle. The nearest neighbor to Mauriceville was Mrs. Wellmore, the widow of a naval officer, who resided in the cottage formerly occupied by Mrs. Fairfield. She had two children, a son, a midshipman in the navy, and a daughter, a year or two older than Alice. Emily Wellmore was Alice's chief friend and playfellow. And Mrs. Wellmore, who had formerly been known to Miss St. Maurice, gladly availed herself of the advantages opened to her daughter, by her intimacy at Mauriceville, advantages which her retired life, and straitened circumstances could not have afforded her.

One fine spring morning when Alice was about thirteen years old, St. Maurice, his aunt, and Alice, were still lingering round the breakfast table, Alice preparing seed for her birds, and St. Maurice reading the newspapers, when a sudden exclamation from him aroused the attention of his aunt.

"What is the matter, Ernest?" said she, alarmed at the agitated expression of his countenance.

He pointed to a paragraph in the paper, handed it to her, and exclaiming, "dreadful!" left the room.

Miss St. Maurice seized the paper, and read the article pointed out to her. It contained an account of a duel, in which Mr. Solmes, the husband of Caroline Lardner, had been killed, the quarrel originating the duel, having arisen from a dispute relative to an opera box.

Miss St. Maurice sighed deeply, but her thoughts were at home; not with those who were strangers to her blood and affections.

"What is the matter, dear godmother?" said Alice, drawing close to Miss St. Maurice's side. "Has any thing happened to Ernest?"

"No, my dear, Ernest has suddenly seen the death of his cousin's husband in the newspaper, and it has shocked him, for he died a violent death! Do not speak of it before him, my love." Then taking up the paper she left the room.

In the evening, when Alice was going to bed, Hetty, an old colored woman, who had spent her whole life in the service of the family, attended Alice, as was her wont, to assist in undressing and putting her to bed. As soon as the door was closed, she commenced her regular seige of talking, a habit which, ever since Alice's days of infancy, had proved a sort of mental rocking-chair to her. An admirable substitute, at all events, as it invariably put her to sleep.

"John tells me, Miss Alice," she said, "that Mr. Solmes, Miss Caroline Lardner's husband, is dead—is it true?"

"Yes, Hetty, my godfather saw it in the newspaper this morning. It was a very great shock to him. What a pity it is that some one did not write to him, to prevent such an accident. Did you know Mr. Solmes, Hetty?"

"No, Miss. I never seed Miss Caroline after she went to *Noo Orleans*. She got married there, and much of a surprise it was to me too. I never expected Miss Caroline would settle *there*."

"Why, where did you expect her to live, Hetty?" asked Alice.

"At Mauriceville, to be sure, Miss."

"At Mauriceville! explain Hetty, I do not understand you."

"Why, it's plain enough, Miss Alice, and I was not the only one who seed it, and thought so."

"Saw what, Hetty?"

"Why that Mr. Ernest loved Miss Caroline dearly, and wanted to marry her, though he was but a boy, and that Miss Caroline had a great notion to have him, and made him believe just what she pleased?"

"What an idea, Hetty?"

"No idea, at all, Miss Alice, but jist the solemn truth. We was all afeard in the kitchen, that she would wait till her Ernest was a man, and marry him: but then the letter cum that tuck the old lady off to *Noo Orleans*, and I suppose Miss Caroline thought it was better to take a husband that was ready growed up, than to wait for Mr. Ernest."

"But Hetty, how do you know that all this is true? How could you tell that my godfather was in love?"

"How could I know! why, haven't I been in love myself, Miss Alice? And can't people that have eyes, see?"

"Have you indeed been in love, Hetty? Oh! do tell me all about it? Who was your lover? Did you like him very much? He was handsome, of course! But did he go on his knees to you, and did he write long love letters to you every day?"

"No, Miss. He had no larnin, and did not know how to write, and he was too stiff from hard work to take to his kness, even if there was any sense in sich doin. But he gave me many a lift with my work, and many a lovin word and look, that makes me know, ever since, when people are fallin in love."

"What a notion," said Alice, as she drew the bed clothes around her, and nestled her little head in the pillow, "what a notion in Hetty, to call *that* love. I must get Sir Charles Grandison, to-morrow, and read her some of those fine speeches in it. I dare say *her* lover never called her 'best of women,' or 'excellent Miss Hetty.' Then, as Hetty's gossip passed through her mind, she exclaimed, between sleeping and waking: "How could that Miss Caroline marry any body else, if my godfather was in love with her?"

In a few days, St. Maurice informed his aunt that he should no longer delay his voyage to Europe. And Miss St. Maurice encouraged him in his determination. Immediate preparations were made, and in a fortnight he had sailed.

A year or eighteen months were fixed upon for his stay. "I shall be a good correspondent," said he, "and the time of my absence will soon glide away. So dry up your tears, Elsie, and promise not to forget me."

[Concluded in our next.]

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE SEMINOLES.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

From the time of the chimerical enisings of Old Ponce de Leon in search of the Fountain of Youth; the avaricious expedition of Pamphilo de Narvaez in quest of gold; and the chivalrous enterprise of Hernando de Soto, to discover and

conquer a second Mexico, the natives of Florida have been continually subjected to the invasions and encroachments of white men. They have resisted them perseveringly but fruitlessly, and are now battling amidst swamps and morasses, for the last foothold of their native soil, with all the ferocity of despair. Can we wonder at the bitterness of a hostility that has been handed down from father to son, for upwards of three centuries, and exasperated by the wrongs and miseries of each succeeding generation? The very name of the savages with which we are fighting, betokens their fallen and homeless condition. Formed of the wrecks of once powerful tribes, and driven from their ancient seats of prosperity and dominion, they are known by the name of the Seminoles, or "Wanderers."

Bartram, who traveled through Florida in the latter part of the last century, speaks of passing through a great extent of ancient Indian fields, now silent and deserted, overgrown with forests, orange groves, and rank vegetation, the site of the ancient Alachua, the capital of a famous and powerful tribe, who in days of old could assemble thousands at ball-play and other athletic exercises "over these then happy fields and green plains." "Almost every step we take," adds he, "over these fertile heights, discovers the remains and traces of ancient human habitations and cultivation."

About the year 1763, when Florida was ceded by the Spaniards to the English, we are told that the Indians generally retired from the towns and the neighborhood of the whites, and burying themselves in the deep forests, intricate swamps and hammocks, and vast savannas of the interior, devoted themselves to a pastoral life, and the rearing of horses and cattle. These are the people that received the name of the Seminoles, or Wanderers, which they still retain.

Bartram gives a pleasing picture of them at the time he visited them in their wilderness; where their distance from the abodes of the white man gave them a transient quiet and security. "This handful of people," says he, "possesses a vast territory, all East and the greater part of West Florida, which being naturally cut and divided into thousands of islets, knolls, and eminences, by the innumerable rivers, lakes, swamps, vast savannas, and ponds, form so many secure retreats and temporary dwelling-places that effectually guard them from any sudden invasions or attacks from their enemies; and being such a swampy, hammocky country, furnishes such a plenty and variety of supplies for the nourishment of varieties of animals, that I can venture to assert, that no part of the globe so abounds with the wild game, or creatures fit for the food of man.

"Thus they enjoy a superabundance of the necessities and conveniences of life, with security of person and property, the two great concerns of mankind. The hides of deer, bears, tigers, and wolves, together with honey, wax, and other productions of the country, purchase their clothing, equipage, and domestic utensils from the whites. They seem to be free from want or desire. No cruel enemy to dread; nothing to give them disquietude, but the gradual encroachments of the white people. Thus contented and undisturbed, they appear as blithe and free as the birds of the

air, and like them as volatile and active, tuneful and vociferous. The visage, action and deportment of the Seminoles form the most striking picture of happiness in this life; joy, contentment, love and friendship, without guile or affectation, seem inherent in them, or predominant in their vital principle, for it leaves them with but the last breath of life.

"They are fond of games and gambling, and amuse themselves like children, in relating extravagant stories, to cause surprise and mirth."*

The same writer gives an engaging picture of his treatment by these savages:

"Soon after entering the forests, we were met in the path by a small company of Indians, smiling and beckoning to us long before we joined them. This was a family of Talahasochte, who had been out on a hunt and were returning home loaded with barbecued meat, hides and honey. Their company consisted of the man, his wife and children, well mounted on fine horses, with a number of packhorses. The man offered us a fawn-skin of honey, which I accepted, and at parting presented him with some fish-hooks, sewing-needles, &c.

"On our return to camp in the evening, we were saluted by a party of young Indian warriors, who had pitched their tents on a green eminence near the lake, at a small distance from our camp, under a little grove of oaks and palms. This company consisted of seven young Seminoles, under the conduct of a young prince or chief of Talahasochte, a town southward in the isthmus. They were all dressed and painted with singular elegance, and richly ornamented with silver plates, chains, &c. after the Seminole mode, with waving plumes of feathers on their crests. On our coming up to them, they arose and shook hands; we alighted and sat a while with them by their cheerful fire.

"The young prince informed our chief that he was in pursuit of a young fellow who had fled from the town, carrying off with him one of his favorite young wives. He said, merrily, he would have the ears of both of them before he returned. He was rather above the middle stature, and the most perfect human figure I ever saw; of an amiable, engaging countenance, air, and deportment; free and familiar in conversation, yet retaining a becoming gracefulness and dignity. We arose, took leave of them, and crossed a little vale, covered with a charming green turf, already illuminated by the soft light of the full moon.

"Soon after joining our companions at camp, our neighbors, the prince and his associates, paid us a visit. We treated them with the best fare we had, having till this time preserved our spirituous liquors. They left us with perfect cordiality and cheerfulness, wishing us a good repose, and retired to their own camp. Having a band of music with them, consisting of a drum flutes, and a rattle-board, they entertained us during the night with their music, vocal and instrumental.

"There is a languishing softness and melancholy air in the Indian convivial songs, especially of the amorous class, irresistibly moving attention, and exquisitely pleasing, especially in their solitary recesses, when all nature is silent."

* Bartram's Travels in North America.

Travellers who have been among them, in more recent times, before they had embarked in their present desperate struggle, represent them in much the same light; as leading a pleasant, indolent life, in a climate that required little shelter or clothing, and where the spontaneous fruits of the earth furnished subsistence without toil. A cleanly race, delighting in bathing, passing much of their time under the shade of their trees, with heaps of oranges and other fine fruits for their refreshment; talking, laughing, dancing and sleeping. Every chief had a fan hanging to his side, made of feathers of the wild turkey, the beautiful pink-colored crane, or the scarlet flamingo. With this he would sit and fan himself with great stateliness, while the young people danced before him. The women joined in the dances with the men, excepting the war dances. They wear strings of tortoise shells and pebbles round their legs, which rattled in cadence to the music. They were treated with more attention among the Seminoles than among most Indian tribes.

MISCELLANY.

PROGRESS OF ERROR.

"Avoid the progress of error."

GREAT crimes generally spring from small beginnings, as well as great trees and great cities. The heart grows hard and wicked by degrees and probably the worst man that ever lived can recollect the time when he shuddered and hesitated at the idea of committing a small offence. The truth should be often impressed on the young—say to them—"avoid the appearance of evil," for every time you deliberately do a wrong thing, you pour a dose of poison into the heart, which will tend to destroy conscience, and break down the principles of virtue, you ought to cherish.

The traveller who put up at the old sign of Gen. Wayne, in Alesbury, some fifteen or eighteen years ago, I promise you, did not leave the house without shaking hands with, and praising somewhat, Montgomery Rosco, the inn-keeper's son, as fine a boy as ever blessed a parent with the full blossoming of early promises. He was so obedient to his parents, so attentive and respectful to strangers, so kind and invariably polite to every one, and withal, he learned so fast at school, that every one loved and admired him.

Few youths ever left home with fairer prospects and better character than did Montgomery, when at the age of 15, he was sent to Philadelphia and put under the care of a business-doing-merchant, that he might get an insight into the business, as would justify his father in setting him up in Alesbury, for this was the destiny he had marked out for his favorite child. His history is directly in point in establishing what I said in the beginning; and though few may have passed through as singular a complication of circumstances in their way, I am fully satisfied that his, in all its main and general features, is the history of thousands.

I said he was apprenticed to a merchant; it was Mr. Markley; his master esteemed him very highly and placed in him unlimited confidence. A short time he remembered the kind admonition of his faithful father of selecting com-

pany—was conscientious in the discharge of every duty—and tried as well as he was able to avoid the appearance of evil. One day, however, he went to a neighboring store to see a young gentleman and return a borrowed book. His friend, very politely, drew a glass of wine from one of casks, and pressed him to drink; he did so, and departed.

The next day the same person stopped to see him; he happened to be alone;—and the strong desire not to be behind hand with his new neighbour, overcame the scruples of conscience; and he treated him in turn to a glass of wine. In the hurry of the moment, he did not stop the liquor properly—His master came in—saw the neglect, and inquired, "Montgomery, have you been at the wine cask?" It was an awful moment to him—he dare not pause to think—he yielded to another temptation and answered tremblingly, "No sir, I have not." The old gentleman looked at him most searchingly—then turned and stopped the liquor tight himself.

The next morning the same young gentleman stepped into the store and asked Mr. M. to sell him a cask of such wine as Montgomery had given him the evening before. Mr. M. looked at Montgomery again, as if to tell the truth next time. The exposure was too humiliating for the high spirited youth to bear. He saw his friend and entreated him to tell Mr. M. that he drew the wine himself. His friend laughed and told him he would for an oyster supper. The bargain was struck—he acquitted Montgomery in Mr. Markley's eyes; but the poor boy was destitute of money. He had already taken some long steps aside. He took another, and resorted to his master's drawer for money to meet the expenses of the supper he had promised.

While they sat in the cellar to which they had repaired, a gaming board was produced; and he was asked to play for a small sum. The thought struck him that here was a chance to win the money he had taken from his master, and return it. He played and lost. He played again and again, still he lost.

His error was now of an alarming character. He became desperate—he took the farther sums from the counter, which were necessary to pay what he borrowed and lost. It was missed—he was himself liable to be discovered and ruined, and resolved at a single effort to retrieve his character, by procuring the sum deficient, and depositing it somewhere, where it might seem to be overlooked.

He rose late at night—entered the store, took two hundred dollars and went to a gambling house where he was confident he could win the money. He lost it, every cent. The morning came—Mr. M. happened not to examine the drawer which contained the money himself; and at ten o'clock told Montgomery to carry it to the old bank. Mr. Markley had a large deposit in another bank, and the infatuated youth drew a check on that bank, for the \$200; signed his master's name to it—presented it—and was detected. He confessed the whole affair when it was too late; he had intended to deposit the money he thus attempted to draw in lieu of the money lost, and depend on chance to conceal the crime yet a little longer.

Poor fellow! I saw him, once afterwards, and with a tear in his eye, and grasping my hand, he said—"I am going to the state prison, for a sixpenny glass of wine"—alluding to the first error he committed and which had led to all the rest.

GENERAL WOLFE.

"No tombstone need his worth proclaim,
Quebec forever, shall record his fame;
Quebec forever, shall with wonder tell,
How great beneath her walls, her conqueror fell."
Anon.

THE fame which General Wolfe acquired at the siege of Louisburg, the surrender of which was principally owing to his bravery and skill, pointed him out to Mr. Pitt as the most proper to command the army destined to attack Quebec, although he was not then more than thirty-three years of age.

Quebec was the capital of the French dominions in North America; it was well fortified, situated in the midst of a country hostile to the English, and defended by an army of 20,000 men, regulars and militia, besides a considerable number of Indians. The troops destined for this expedition consisted of ten battalions, making altogether about 7000 men. Such was the army destined to oppose three times their own number, defended by fortifications, in a country altogether unknown, and in a season of the year very unfavorable for military operations. But this little army was always sanguine of success, for it was commanded by General Wolfe, who had attached the troops so much to his person, and inspired them with such resolution and steadiness, in the execution of their duty, that nothing seemed too difficult to accomplish.

On the 13th of September, 1759, the grand attack on Quebec was made. General Wolfe landed his army on the northern shore of the river St. Lawrence. The difficulty of ascending the hill was so great, that the soldiers not being able to go two abreast, were obliged to pull themselves up by the stumps and boughs of trees that covered the declivity. The French commenced battle with a brisk fire of musketry. Wolfe ordered his men to reserve their fire until they were within forty yards of the enemy. They then attacked with great fury, and the French gave way. In the commencement of the battle, General Wolfe was wounded in the wrist by a musket ball; he wrapped his handkerchief round it, and continued to give his orders with his usual calmness and perspicuity. Towards the end of the engagement, he received another wound in his breast, which obliged him to retire behind the rear rank. Here he laid himself on the ground; soon after a shout was heard, and one of the officers near him exclaimed, "See how they run!" The dying hero asked with some emotion, "Who run?" "The enemy," replied the officer, "they give way everywhere." The general then said, "Pray do one of you run to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment with all speed down to Charles river, to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I shall die happy." He then turned upon his side, and immediately expired.

It is a circumstance not generally known, but believed by the army which served under General Wolfe, that his death wound was not received by the common chance of war, but given by a deserter from his own regiment. The cause of this treacherous act is said to have been as follows: the General perceived one of the sergeants of his regiment strike a man under arms, (an act against which he had given particular orders,) and knowing the man to be a good soldier, reprimanded the aggressor with much warmth, and threatened to reduce him to the ranks. This so far incensed the serjeant, that he took the first opportunity of deserting to the enemy, where he premeditated the means of destroying the General, which he effected, by being placed in the enemy's left wing, which was directly opposed to the right of the British line, where Wolfe commanded in person, and where he was marked out by the miscreant, who was provided with a rifle piece, and unfortunately effected his diabolical purpose.

After the defeat of the French army, the deserters were all removed to Crown Point; which being afterwards suddenly invested and taken by the British army, the whole of the garrison fell into the hands of the captors, when the serjeant was hanged for desertion; but before the execution of his sentence, he confessed the facts above recited.

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.

THIS extraordinary and highly talented man was it is well known, at the commencement of his professional career in very low circumstances. Though fortune frowned upon his exertions, and well-paid arrogance attempted to check his progress at that Bar which was afterwards rendered so distinguished by his matchless eloquence, he rose superior to the petty art employed to intercept him, evinced a firmness and solidity of character as extraordinary as it was praiseworthy and honorable; never perhaps was it more apparent than on the following memorable occasion:

There was an Honorable Judge Robinson at this time on the Irish bench, as remarkable for the peevishness of his temper as the pitifulness of his person, who had more than once elicited sparks of just resentment from the gentlemen of the bar, that might have taught him better caution. Current rumors stated that this learned judge attained his promotion to the judgment seat, not by his eminent virtues or his legal learning, but his literary services in the publication of some political pamphlets, remarkable only for their senseless, slavish, and venomous scurrility. This goodly sage, at a time when Mr. Curran was struggling with adversity, and straining every nerve in one of his early forensic pursuits, made an unfeeling effort to extinguish him. Mr. Curran, in combating some opinion, urged by the opposite counsel, said, that he had consulted all his law books, and could not find a single case to establish the opinion contended for; "I suspect Sir," said the heartless judge with a sneer; "that your law library is rather contracted." Such a remark from the bench, applied to a young man of ordinary pretensions would have infallibly crushed him. But Mr. Curran, whose practical motto was "*nemo me impune lacessit*," rose

from the pressure of this stroke with increased elasticity. For a moment he eyed the judge with a pause of contemptuous silence and then replied—"It is true, my lord, that I am poor; and that circumstances have rather curtailed my library; but, if my books are not numerous, they are select; and, I hope, have been perused with a proper disposition; I have prepared myself for this high profession, rather by the study of a few good books, than the composition of many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should of my wealth, could I stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many examples show me, that an ill-acquired elevation, by rendering me more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and more notoriously contemptible." This appears to have been the last occasion, on which the learned judge ventured a bite at the same file.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

THAT distinguished lawyer, Sir Matthew Hale, when young, delighted much in company; and being strong and robust, he was a great master of all those exercises that required much strength. He also learned to fence, and became so expert in the use of his weapons, that he worsted many of the professors of the art. One of his masters told him he could teach him no more, for he was now better at his own trade than himself. This Mr. Hale looked on as flattery: so, to make the master discover himself, he promised him the house he lived in, for he was his tenant, if he could hit him a blow on the head; and bade him do his best, for he would be as good as his word. After a little engagement, his master being really superior to him, made a palpable hit on the head. Mr. Hale performed his promise; he gave him the house freely; and was not unwilling at that rate to learn so early to distinguish flattery from plain and simple truth.

FALL OF THE LEAF.

THE sky is gloomy and overcast; the wind moans through the branches of the garden trees, and the leaves, late so fresh and green, have assumed their dun and yellow hue, portending the approach of the stormy season. The visitor, instead of seating himself at a window, now mechanically draws his chair towards the fire, and he silently speculates upon the bright red coals as they glare fiercely through the iron bars of their prison house. Disconsolate and sad, the flies group together upon the ceiling, and dream of spring—but alas! no spring returns for them. Their uncomfortable sensations increase, until their humble nature yields to the destroying cold, and they perish.

The long grass is rudely brushed by the chill breeze, and becomes embrowned by the frost. Here and there, a scattering wild flower still shows its head, in order to reconcile man to the dread change, like one or two constant and courageous friends shaking hands with the victim at the scaffold.

Let those extol the charms of winter who can find it in their hearts to do so. To one that season hath not many charms. The whole face of nature to him is deformed, dreary, and unlove-

ly. The dark days and long nights spread over his spirits the deepening shadows of melancholy. In other days, winter was not destitute of charms to him. He delighted to roam in the woods; and the rugged, rocks, and naked branches—the bellowing winds, and the frozen lakes, filled his free bosom with sublime and even rapturous contemplations. But to the weary and oppressed by sin, the hopeless and ruined man, no such visitations of romance are awarded. The blossoms of spring, the birds of summer, and the golden fields of early autumn may be to his decayed spirit like gales of incense that ruffle the stagnant pool; but it is not for him to clothe the nakedness of winter in the bright livery of bouyant fancy; and if the wreck of all that is beautiful, if clouds and storms have any charms for him, it is that they seem to have sympathy with his desolation of heart. The winter of sin is dreadful indeed!—*Ladies Repository.*

RAPIDITY OF TIME.

SWIFTLY glide our years—they follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the persons we once knew, the scenes in which we once were actors—they appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gaiety of his soul; the wheels of time cannot move too rapidly for him—the light of hope dances on his eye—the smiles of expectation play upon his lip—he looks forward to long years of joy to come—his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds—he wants to be a man—he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to leap the path of honor, to hear the shout of applause. Look at him again—he is now in the meridian of life—care has stamped its wrinkle upon his brow—disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance—he looks back upon the waking dreams of his youth; and sighs for their futility—each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, he discovers that the season of youth when the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the only season of enjoyment. Who is he of the aged locks? His form is bent and totters—his footsteps move more rapidly towards the tomb—he looks back upon the past—his days appear to have been few, and he confesses that they were evil—the magnificence of the great is to him vanity—the hilarity of youth folly—he considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one, and disappointment end the other—the world presents little to attract and nothing to delight him—still however, he would linger in it—still he would lengthen out his days—though of "beauty's bloom," of "fancy's flash," of "music's breath," he is forced to exclaim, "I have no pleasure in them"—yet this was the gay, the generous, the high-souled boy, who beheld his ascending path of life strewn with flowers, without a thorn. Such is human life—but such cannot be the ultimate destiny of man.—*Poulson's Daily Advertiser.*

ARRESTING ATTENTION.

A party of clergymen were one day in conversation, pleasantly talking of their success in preaching. One of them said, "Gentlemen, I

once converted a man with my eyes." When requested to explain, he added, "a straggler once entered my church, and casting his looks towards me, he thought I was staring him in the face. To avoid my observation, he removed from door to door, but to no purpose. At last he resolved to stare me out of countenance; his attention was thus fixed upon what was said, and his sentiments and conduct from that day underwent a complete change."

SAILOR'S YARN.—A sailor was once telling of a country where the sun was so hot that the inhabitants used no fire.

"How do you *bile* the *vittles* there?" said an elderly lady.

"Why, you see, said Jack, "a big glass is rigged in the tops of the chimneys, which brings the sun to a focus, right into the kettle."

"La me, what a *curis* world," said the old lady, as she replaced her spectacles on her nose.

A MODEST HERO.—While the funeral car, with the remains of the victims of July, was passing along the Boulevards, a national guard reproved a man near him for not taking off his hat, as all around him had done. "Sir," replied he, "I cannot do honor to myself. One of my legs is among the victims, and modestly forbids me to salute it." On looking down the national guard saw that the interlocutor had a wooden leg.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. E. Cicero, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. B. Comstock's Landing, N. Y. \$0.80; B. B. W. West Greenfield, N. Y. \$1.00; R. D. C. Grahamsville, N. Y. \$0.90; J. W. Lawrenceville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Kyserick, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. V. West Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. W. West Rush, N. Y. \$1.00; J. N. O. Roxbury, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. Pitcher, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. B. Delphi, N. Y. \$1.00; C. R. T. North Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. E. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; C. O. L. Eaton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. E. Manlius, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Oriskany, N. Y. \$1.00; J. & F. Camden, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; L. F. V. Factory Point, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$1.00; P. B. Yonkers, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. South Orange, Ms. \$1.00; L. M. Six Mile Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; D. A. R. Ohio City, O. \$1.00; C. B. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Constableville, N. Y. \$2.00; N. G. Lebanon, N. H. \$1.00; G. A. A. Rondout, N. Y. \$1.00; N. D. New-York, \$2.00.

Married,

In this city, on Monday, the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Mr. John Reed, of the firm of Carpenter & Reed, Albany, to Miss Lydia D. daughter of Amos Carpenter, Esq. of this city.

At Mellenville, on the 7th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Daniel Hoffman, to Miss Almira Snyder, all of Claverack.

At the same place, on the 14th ult. by the same, Mr. William Pulver, to Miss Eliza Stuppelbeen, both of Ghent.

At the same place, on the same time, and by the same, Mr. Samuel Hollester, Jr. to Miss Priscilla Westfall, all of Claverack.

In Ghent, on the 7th ult. by the same, Mr. George R. Hildreth to Miss Sarah J. Coons, both of that town.

On the 21st ult. by the same, Mr. John S. Ostrander, to Miss Jane Rathbun, all of Claverack.

At Hillsdale, on the 14th ult. by the Rev. R. Shuyter, Mr. Peter Becker to Miss Catharine Becker, both of that place.

At Claverack, on the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. John L. Snyder, of Ghent, to Miss Ann Eliza, daughter of Henry Tator, of the former place.

In Milton, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Stephen Rhoades, Mr. Thomas Purdy to Miss Priscilla, youngest daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Woolsey, all of that place.

At New York, on the 23d ult. by Alderman David Graham, Mr. Jared Coleman, of Rochester, to Miss Emily, daughter of the late Samuel T. Matlack, of this city.

Died,

In this city, on the 23d ult. Christina, wife of Mr. James Yorker, in the 25th year of her age.

On the 21st ult. Mr. John Struce, in his 91st year.

On the 29th ult. Margaret Paine, aged 20 years.

On the 29th ult. Mary Van Hoesen, in her 64th year.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

SHE was a lovely maiden, on her brow
But twelve short summers had their beauties cast,
Her auburn curls lay clustering on her cheek,
Her dark eye gleamed with the unearthly light
Of raging fever! for alas! she lay
The ruler's daughter—on the bed of death.

Oh! how the soul
Of her fond father sunk within him there,
As he beheld the gentle little one
His love had nurtured, waste, and fade and die,
While yet the Healer lingered—forth he went
And flung himself in tearless agony
Low at the feet of Jesus, praying him
To hasten quickly ere the pulse of life
Had ceased forever.

There came a messenger in breathless haste,
"Why trouble ye the Master" lo! the child
Hath done with sorrow and her spirit pure
Hath passed from earth away. Then a gush
Of hopeless sorrow gathered o'er the face
Of the bereaved one, but the gentle voice
Of the kind Saviour sweetly met his ear
And hushed his sorrow, though he knew not why.

They seek the chamber where the child is laid,
Her fresh cheek faded—her bright eyes grown dim,
And on that forehead once so smooth and fair
The pale Destroyer's seal. Well might the heart
Be nigh to breaking, if there was no hope
That such might live again!

He gently pressed
The snowy hand, and the quick stream of life
That had been stagnant, bounded through the veins
And warmed the icy clay—
"Talitha-cumi" and the low sweet voice
Scarcely heard by those beside him, reached to Heaven,
Was heard before the throne, the parted soul
Obeyed the mandate and obedient, fled
Back to its tenement of clay again. M. E. W.

For the Rural Repository.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

THERE is a sweet and simple custom prevalent in Iceland, which marks the habitual devotion of its inhabitants. Whenever they leave home, though for a short journey, they uncover their heads, and for the space of five minutes, silently implore the protection of the Almighty. Dr. Henderson, from whom this fact is derived, and who observed it in the Icelanders who often attended him in his excursions, also observed it in the humblest fishermen when going forth to procure food for their families. After having put out upon the sea, they row the boat into quiet water, at a short distance from the shore, and bowing their uncovered heads, solicit the blessing of their Father in Heaven. Even at passing a stream, which in their country of precipices is often fraught with danger, they observe the same sacred custom. This affecting habit of devotion has been imputed to the fact, that from their isolated situation, and modes of life, the mother is almost the only teacher, and her instructions seem to have become incorporated with their very elements of being.—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

HAPPY, thrice happy! that bardy race,
Though rugged and drear their ice-bound shore,
Who thus in heaven their trust can place—
With child-like faith their God adore.

Though rough the outward form may be,
A gentle heart must beat within
The breast, that thus communion free
Can hold with Him that knows no sin.

Can he who goeth forth with prayer—
Doth blessings on his steps implore,
Take of dishonest gains a share,
Ere yet his journeying be o'er?

Oh, no! secure from every sin
Shall God still keep his guileless heart,
While love divine shall dwell within,
And heaven-born peace fresh joy impart.

See e'en the humble fisher stand,
Bow his uncovered head and pray
To Him whose all-protecting hand
Alone can smooth his venturous way.

Cheerily now he speeds his bark,
Nor fears the wild and treacherous wave,
Though storm may howl and night be dark,
Trusting a Father's arm to save.

Can ribaldry and oaths defile
Lips, by a gentle mother's care,
Mid childhood's sports and later toil,
Still trained to words of praise and prayer?

No; 'bove the tempter's wily tone
Is heard that mild restraining voice—
"God's blessing crave—my son, my son,
Make not the paths of sin thy choice."

E'en when in death that loved one's low,
Who tuned his infant heart to prayer,
Still seems that soft hand on his brow—
That sweet voice whispers—"Go not there!"

"Oh! flee the haunts of vice, my son—
Dash from thy lips the maddening bowl!"
And gently it turns the wayward one
To paths where living waters roll.

Again, as when a simple child,
His voice ascends in heart-felt prayer—
"Oh God!" he cries, in accents wild,
"Keep me from sin's deceitful mire." AM.

For the Rural Repository.

ON A LEAF.

EMBLEM of life's inconstancy,
Thou late wast green and fair,
Thy form was beauty to the eye,
Thy fragrance filled the air.

The forest owed to thee its pride;
The mountain, vale and glen,
The garden and the hillock's side,
All smiled beneath thy reign.

No more the sun with kindling beam,
Nor dew with gentle fall
Shall on thy polished surface gleam,
For thou art doomed to fall.

The forest and the landscape mourn
That thy short life is o'er,
And insect throngs no more return
To sip from thee their store.

Yes, fragrant leaf, thou now must lie,
Beneath the vulgar tread
Of man and beast, who late would lie
Beneath thy verdant shade.

Emblem of life's uncertain round!
Thus man puts forth the bloom
Of youth, and health; but soon is found,
A victim for the tomb. T. B. E.

Comstock's Landing, Nov. 1840.

From the Christian Watchman.

STANZAS,

Suggested by the Death of a Young Lady.

WHILE 'mid the bustling scene of life we heedless
press along,
We oft are called to step aside from pleasure's laugh-
ing throng,
And, leaning o'er the bier of one we fondly cherished
here,
To heave the deep and bitter sigh, and drop the silent
tear.

'Tis thus for her whose spirit now from mortal bonds
is torn,
We're called with friends and kindred dear, awhile
to sadly mourn;
To swell with them the requiem dirge in sorrow's
tender strains,
O'er yonder lone sepulchral spot, where sleep her
cold remains.

Oh! she was like an angel bright, and like an angel
bland,
While virtue's pure and virgin breath her bosom
gently fanned,
And like a sylph or fairy queen, while graces round
her played,
She, 'mid the young and blooming shone, in match-
less charms arrayed.

With loved companions, smiling gay, in youth's
delightful morn,
She skipped with light, elastic step o'er joy's enam-
elled lawn;
Nor little dreamed she then, alas! that death was
lurking near,
So soon to blight her budding hopes, and end her
brief career!

But like the deadly simoon wind that moves o'er
Afric's plains,
Unseen, unheard, a mortal chill he spreads through
all her veins.
When, drooping like a stricken rose, while fresh in
early bloom;
She fades before our weeping eyes, and sinks into
the tomb!

And yet we need not thus lament, and sadly for her
mourn,
For ere her soul from earthly cares and earthly woes
was borne,
She by the power of faith in Christ the chains of sin
had riven;
And when the silver cord was loosed, she winged
her way to heaven. RURAL BARD.

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